To Love Her

by An iridescent one

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Summary: Kakashi's love is one the most rare and precious things in the world; given to only few. Rin was the one person he gave his whole heart to. He loves her and she loves him. And their love don't flicker, it shines. (warning: sexual content (smut) and pure KakaRin fluffness)

To Love Her

All of this was written because I believe 'Kashi-kun deserves some love and happiness and because KakaRin is my ultimate OTP. If you're not into it, sorry not sorry and don't be a hater â€“ see ya later.

Like, review and all that other crap. Thank you!

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Kakashi Hatake was never labeled as the kind of a person who shows his emotions a lot. He wasn't a loner, nor did he push everyone away â€“ he was just a laid back kind of a guy.

There was however, only one person who'd manage to get him to show his true feelings. Who'd make him completely ignore his brain and common sense, but instead act upon his heart's desires and emotions.

That person is Rin Nohara.

The ladylike-built and graceful brunette with her kind smile and warm brown eyes (and a killer punch, she is a warrior after all) is Kakashi's number 1 escape from reality during sorrow-filled times, his remedy which cured his heart and soul when the world became too dark of a place for him to handle it, his one and true clarity in the madness that is his life, his best friend, his lover, his saviour.

She was one of a kind. Porcelain in a paper cup world.

Kakashi crowned himself a lucky person with a happy life because of her. That warm, windy day in the middle of summer when Tsunade has just became Konoha's fifth Hokage was probably one of his happiest, most wonderful days.

There she was, walking through the streets, backpack on her back, her hair slightly longer then he remembered (it now reached her collarbones). He was just exiting the dango shop with Asuma, Gai and Kurenai when he saw her standing there, staring back at him. The dango he was holding fell to the floor, long forgotten, as he ran to her open arms, hugged her and lifted her up in the air, laughing and drowning in the thoughts that _she's there, she's really there_, as she pulled down his mask and kissed him in the middle of the street, with over 200 people watching them in surprise and gladness that she was finally home and that he was finally happy.

Rin has always been something special. It was a well known fact, between both him and Obito.

He loved her when they were kids, but ignored his feelings (as he often did back then) and gave his loser of a best friend a chance. When Obito died, he made a promise to protect her with all he's got, and again ignored his feelings as they made him feel as if he was betraying his friend. What killed him completely was her 'death'. He blamed himself for it, even though she was the one who jumped infront of his Lightning Blade and _why, god why did she jump infront of him_.

But now, she was here and she'll stay.

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It took some convincing on her part, but he was most absolutely sure she was the most perfect woman he could have as his lover.

She wasn't completely sure.

What about all those other woman who want him and love him. Half the female population of Konoha wants him as their lover. He deserves better then somebody who was gone for 12 years. They are all beautiful and smart and amazing kunoichi, better then her in all ways. What about them? They deserve him.

That was not even close to the truth.

_She's wrong. One; she most definitely deserves him, if anything she was out of his league. Second; those women may be beautiful and smart, but they aren't her. There may be 7.3 billion people living in the world, half of which are women, but there is only one Rin. And third; of all those women, none is better then her. It's him who

doesn't deserve her._

It took some convincing, but she finally belived him, even if it took some physical reinsurance. That night he loved her on a whole new level. He loved and kissed and licked and caressed every nook, dip and curve her body had. She drowned in him, completely consumed by him and his smooth, warm skin against hers, his breath fanning over her hickey-bruised neck, his hands caressing her body, his hips pushing against hers; binding them together as they moved. All that was heard were pants, soft moans and grunts and the wooden headboard of their bed banging against the wall. All that was said were each other's names and countless 'i love you's. Marks were made; hers were the long red lines that ran down his back and over his shoulders and biceps, his the lovebites he left all over her neck and a big bite mark on her left shoulder. She was his and he was hers.

In the morning they woke up tangled in the soft, silky white sheets and each other arms.

She most definitely belived him.

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Of course, sometimes there were downs to his strong and blossoming love for Rin.

Like the fact that he's being contantly teased about it as if he was a third-grader with a puppy crush for a high-school girl. The main suspects: Jiraiya, Tsunade, his friends and team 7 (Naruto the most). Gai, surprisingly, was his biggest supporter; congratulating him and wishing them good luck, not to mention passing people in the streets, hugging them and screaming about love and youth after seeing him and Rin share a heart-felt moments together.

And if their normal teasing wasn't enough, they'd step up their game â€“ especially if they knew the couple had sex the night before.

"_So sensei, heard ya put the kunai in the shuriken last night, eh?"_

"_So **that's** why you read my books so much..."_

"_Hope you didn't break the bed."_

"_I always knew Rin was a screamer, but didn't know she was in **that** way."_

"_Love bites, Kakashi? Possessive, possessive..."_

"_Hey what are those scratches on your back... She marked you, didn't she?"_

"_You know, you should really consider changing your name to Fuckashi."_

He'll never be left in peace ever again.

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Rin was a fun person.

Not only as a best friend, girlfriend and old teammate â€“ but as a lover too. Especially when she was angry.

He didn't take joy in making her upset, but the results of it were quite interesting.

Like that one time when he got severely hurt during a mission. She was the one to patch him up at the hospital, screaming at him the whole time - _how could he do this, scare her like this, has he lost his mind_. Then when they made it to their apartment (walking in complete silence, him feeling guilty, her being mad), he tried apologizing the whole night. She wouldn't listen. They went to sleep without talking, her back turned to him. He dragged her towards him and since he was much stronger then her, she couldn't move away (not that she minded that fact).

He was afraid she's still be at his throat in the morning, but surprisingly she wasn't. Instead, she decided to punish him for his foolish behavior. She pushed him against the wall and made out with him forcefully, while rubbing him at a certain spot 'down there' with her hand, his dick hardening so much it hurt, until she suddenly pulled away, leaving him hot, horny and bothered.

Before he could protest she sat him down on their couch and handed him his collection of Icha Icha Paradise books. She pulled his hair away from his left sharingan eye and commanded him to _read all of them and make sure to copy them perfectly when she gets home in three hours from her shift at the hospital_.

He could barely wait for her to come home.

When she finally did, they pounced on each other like wild animals. Clothes where thrown all over the apartment (she literally found her lacy black bra (his favorite) on the window sill, which yet again caused more teasing by their friends who spotted it from the streets). The sex was rough, hard and hot; he followed her every instruction an copied everything he read from the porn-filled books (he didn't dare do otherwise, he was at her command). She got him close to cumming five times in a row to then completely remove any skin contact she had with him. Of course he couldn't finish it himself, she forbid him to (something he found both scorching hot and painfully annoying). She drove him insane. He was more vocal and loud that afternoon then he was any time they did it before (which was saying much). Luckily they soundproofed the room, otherwise both they and the people in the street would never hear the end of it.

She was dominant and rough and he loved it. Maybe he was a masochist... he already knew she was a sadist, he knew that better then anyone.

But he loved her anyway.

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Kakashi and Rin arre special people meant to be together, connected by the red fate thread, according to Sakura. Maybe she was right.

It was clichÃ©, but it was true.

Though, in complete honesty, it was more like they were rolled in a red fate yearn ball. That's how timeless they were.

Through all the bad and sad moments, through everything, they went together.

He promised to never lose her again. She promised to never leave him again.

(And she was forbidden from ever being around him if he was using Lightning Blade.)

Those were some of their vows to each other on their wedding day. He would forever remember them. People say that all good things in your life don't last forever, that's why fireflies' light flicker in the darkness.

But when you're in love, you're not focused on fireflies. You're focused on the stars, because they remind you of your lover's eyes (she really did have gorgeous eyes) and they shine forever, just like her and your love for her.

Kakashi was lucky to love her.

He was lucky to have one thing in his life that he knew wouldn't flicker, but endlessly shine.

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file.